## THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

opyright 1900, by George Horton, ing American, who chances to be

nes the Turks. Kostakes cd. Curtis kills two of the and escapes with Panayota. In friends and attack the apture Panayota. Curtis ver that the other is in love

## HAPTER XXXVI.

ti of the flight and of the att of the flight and of the is not, even in the moment is a part of the Turks. Here repeated the name of the er yashmask and crossed ands hidden within the loose getaway from the Mohammevens fall and the earth yawn, Kestakes and his kin! The tream of humanity ran, it grew denser, fought its gate, through which it poured though they had arrived though they had arrived though they had arrived and the feeling of relief possessed though they had arrived though they had arrived and they did not cease to run, all in the frightened chatter amayor by the arm and advoluble question in Turkish or breath and hysteric sobstances and in the state of the solution of the solu

dear Panayeial" cried Panayota, with delight. Tearing her Turk-ts from her, she threw them to the a "Na!" and spat upon them. Then that the place was de-which she had just re-e gathered the pile up e took it as a good matches, evidently , were scattered Panayota had not a lepton, not a para, gold ring from her finger, her father, kissed it and copper coins on the stand.

Turks.
Just at dusk three men stopped opposite le door and fell into a dispute. After wranging for a few moments they came directly ward the church. Panavota ran to the curing and then drew back in superstitious terf. Should she enter the Holy of Holles, even save her life? A hoarse laugh at the very wor decided her. The men entered. She lard their exclanations of surprise at the uring candle, though she could not undersaid what they said. She looked about her upotent with terror, her white lips moving echanically in prayer. In the end of the turch above her head was a narrow slit to mit the light. Even as she stared a swallow ted in and out.

ough hands from her hiding place i there with closed eyes behind in. A fearful scream, the scream in the last extreme of fright and irst arouse her. It seemed a woman to be screaming. natural for a woman to be screaming, it once, the consciousness that she was shed upon her saved through analsfortune, but saved. She pulled in back and neeped out. The stand kicked over, the candle was out, but was empty. Still those dreadful continued, mixed with bestial chuck-laugher. A Christian girl was hystorieding for merey. But the shrieks cased and then broke forth again at a stance, as though some rufflan were is hand over the poor girl's mouth as being dragged away. Panayota is with pity and terror pity for the and unseen yietim and terror at her ut could see no one. The
e to her an abode of fear,
shi etter it at any moment
e. The bedge was near by,
reach that unobserved she
its shadow toward the open

s shadow toward the open rould run all night. Several self for the start, but found ant. Once, when she had or open wide enough to let you's footsteps. She drew nen's footsteps. She drew Tered that dreadful appre-ere coming into the church escaping a second time sh soldiers and they went sh soldiers and they went their footsteps had died and distance Panayota id, slooping low, ran to the by it for some distance until gray streak of road that

he highway, walking as and stopping every few she had not gone far ere griff voices and she stole ie field and crouched among

sibility thrilled her with pleas-did she wish it to be so that when that she heard Greek upon one knee, with her wish to her fluttering heart, and the darkers a smile the darkness, a smile She was almost ready to ery out-

eard the feminine voice saited "Ho! Ho! A Greek widing after But Pana-

a hoarse guffaw and went back. Panayota could not for the moment believe it. She feared that they were simply torturing her, that they would turn back in a moment and resume the chase. She staggered on, too faint almost to stand, yet not daring to stop. She was passing a row of tiny houses. They were square patches of bluish gray and the doors were long holes where the dark came through Here was absolute silence, as though she were in the city of the dead and the walls of the dwellings were giant tombstones. But here at last was the house of the light. Panayota stood on the opposite side of the road and looked into the open door.

the open door.

"A Christian at last!" she cried. "Now God be praised!"

A bare little room she beheld, with a floor of beaten earth and containing only a couple of chairs and a pair of barangas, or platforms of plank on either side of the fireplace. But what mattered the peorness of the place? Upon the wall hing an eikon of the dear, blessed Virgin and upon a shelf beneath sat a tumbler of clive oil, upon whose surface floated a burning wick. A woman stood before the eikon crossing herself rhythmically and praying with a silent motion of the lips

But while Panayota stood in the door, before she could open her mouth to speak, her fleeting joy gave place to the old terror. This was but a woman after all with whom she was about to take refuge and the Turks were just behind her and all around about.

Panayota seized the door jamb to keep herself from falling, and her head drooped against her arm.

"Woman" she gaseed "are you not graze?"

self from falling, and her head drooped against her arm.
"Woman," she gasped, "are you not crazy? Why do you not run? The Turks! the Turks!"
The woman looked around. She was young and comely, with an oval face from which the black hair was neatly brushed back, low down over the ears. Her eyes were large—umaturally large and dark—and there was in them an expression which awed Panayota. Their utter fearliesness was uncanny at such a time, and back of it was a depth of accepted despair that has tasted all grief and hence knows no further fear.

has tasted all grief and hence knows no further fear.

"You are in no danger from the Turks here," said the woman. Her voice was infinitely calm. It came into Panayota's world of fire, massacre, outrage, like a voice from another world or from the grave.

Then all at once light seemed to break in upon Panayota's mind as she stood there be-wildered.

"She is dazed with fear or some great misfortune," she thought. "She is losing her mind," and, springing forward, she selzed the woman by the arm, crying in her ear.

"Come away sister the Turks," the Turks," But the woman shook her off and shrunk from her and motloned her back with outstretched arms and uplifted palms, saying:

"Do not touch me."

"Do not touch me."
"But the Turks are upon you!"
"We who live in this village are not afraid
of the Turks. Who comes here r as a greater
danger than that of the knife."
"Yes, I know. Vlolence," whispered Panayota, turning her face toward the door and
listening. yota, turning her face toward the door a listening. "Who could offer violence to a leper?" If there is any horror in a Cretan girl's mi

"Who could offer violence to a leper?"

If there is any horror in a Cretan girl's mind equal to that of dishonor it is the horror of leperosy—that hideous sore on the body of the loveliest siren isle that floats in any sea. Panayota, in her vigorous and life-giving mountain home had heard leprosy spoken of as a curse of God. She had always classed it with the punishments of hell, or something to be shuddered at even when mentioned, but the possibility of coming in contact with it had never entered her mind.

She turned to flee again into the darkness, when she heard in the street, almost before the door, the sound of footsteps, and husky, gargling voices talking Turkish. Panayota sank to the floor senseless. Two Mahometan lepers, who lived further down the street, passed by on their way home. They did not look in because Aglaia, steeping quietly over the prostrate form, had closed the door.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Aglaia stood irresolute, looking at the woman who lay as quietly as though she were sleeping, upon the floor of hard beaten earth. Her first impulse was to pick her up and drag her to one of the platforms at the fireplace, for her heart forgot its own bitterness for the noment, and was filled with pity for the Christian maiden who had taken refuge in her horrid home.

"No, no, I will not touch her," she murmured "No, no. I will not touch her," she murmured at last, "for so it is most frequently given and caught."

So she drew up a chair and sat watching Panayota She old not have long to wait, for the young, vigoreus constitution soon asserted itself. Panayota opened her eyes and stared straight up at the celling: then the light caught them and she looked at the eikon, murmuring, "Panayeia, save me!" She sat up and looked deep into Aglain's large and mournful eyes. The latter said nothing, but she saw complete consciousness and recollection drawning in her guest's countenance.

"Do not be so frightened," said Aglaia. "I will not touch you nor come near you, and it to only by contact that one catches the—leprosy. And the Virgin will shield you."

Panayota rose to her feet. She was a priest's daughter, and religion was her ever present comfort. "She has saved me thus far in a wonderful manner," she replied, and going over to the eikon she prayed that the Panayeia would protect her from the horrible disease and help her to escape to the mountains and her own people. Aglaia brought bread from a closet, olives and cheese and set them upon the table.

"No:" she said, "eat and gain strength, and we will devise some means for you to get away from here."

Panayota felt as though the very food were

From here."
Panayota felt as though the very food were contaminated, but she managed to eat some of the bread, pulling morsels from the interior of the loaf. Once again she heard volces from without, and started from her seat, whispering:
The Turks are coming:
The Turks one time to your grave—safer, for the fact you were in your grave—safer, for the Turks sometimes exhume the bones of Christians, but they never disturb us. We are all idead in this village, dead to the hate of the world, to its love, to its friendship.
Panayota could make no reply. Human sympathy seemed a mockery in the face of such sorrow as this. She steeped to the door and looked out. All was silent in the narrow street. The lepers are not a gay folk, and sleep is the time of the tracks: she muttered. "My God! Suppose I should catch it! I must get away from here."
Turning, she looked keenly at Aglaia, who sat with hands clasped in her lap, rocking gen tyl forward and back.

But you do not seem to be sick, my sister. Why do you think you have leprosy? Why, you look as well as I do."
Aglaia laughed bitterly. Rising, she struck her left leg with her doubled fist, and stamped upon the ground will know whether I am a leper or not.

Panayota stood for; a long time looking out into the darkness. She was weavy to very faintness, but it swill creep on, on, over my whole body. Come here a few years from now, when it gets into my face, and you will know what to say the condition of the darkness. She was weavy to very faintness, but it st. Aglaia, spoke again.

"Forgive ine." she said, with a sob in her voice. "I have no one to talk to, and I sit here and brood over it. And it will be for years—for years. But you must be very tired, and you must rest so as to go on with your journey. Come and lie down on the barangitza. I will not come near you.

"Forgive ine." she said. "I have an order of the land as the remaining her face out into the hight, breaking the world." "I

solemniy. "Do you never ask for happiness in that?"
Aglaia laughed bitterly.
"Listen." she replied. "My children never come here. I would not allow it. But sometimes I go down to the bank by the roadside, where the other lepers go to leg, and my husband brings them, and stants afar of, and I look at them and stretch my arms toward them. Is there any greater hell than that? When you're a mother you will know.
"But," interrupted Panayota, who had entirely forgotten her own troubles in the presence.

of such great sorrow, "are you not afraid for "No, praise (told My bushand is captain of a cairing. He has gone to Atheps and taken the two children with him. Before he went to the conditions with him. Before he went to the two children with him. Before he went to the baby laukhod and shouted. "An mamma, come the half of some time in thought, and ready to the party of the source of the sourc

asked Panayota.

"God will show a way. He has not deserted you as he has me."

"Perhaps he has deserted all Christians. Perhaps the whole world has turned Turk. If so I would rather stay here and be a leper."

"Never believe it. Yanne, my husband, who is a great traveler, says that the English will one day kill all the Turks in the world and give Crete back to Greece. And the English are in some respects like Christians. At any rate, they do not believe in Mohammed."

The lepers began to bestir themselves. A partiarchal-looking man with a tuff of white hair above each ear, a snowy beard and a dirty mustache, shuffled by the door, carrying a water jug. Seeing the two women, he stopped and peered into the hut, saying:

"Good morning, sister Aglaia," and "Good morning, sister."

"Pa-Puraskeve," stammered Panayota.

"Where are you from, sister, and how long have you been afflicted?"

Aglaia answered glibly. Her guest was from a little village far away. God only knows how she had got lebrosy and she had only come last night. The old man wore a priest's frock, shiny and ragged, and reaching to his feet. His woolen shirt was open in front, disclosing two or three tawny stains. His face was unnaturally red, far up on to his bald brow, and was streaked with angry-looking, vein-like lines. He had no eyebrows.

"Hum," he said. "Adio! Adio!" and he shuf-

ded away muttering:
"God have mercy!"
"That's Papas Spiro," explained Aglaia. "He
s a priest. They say that it is a judgment on
im, that he made love to one of his congrega-

tion."
The insistent, eager notes of the martial music caught Panayota's ear. A moment she stood listening and then turned deadly pale. "Kostakes and the Bashi Bazouks!" and agair she caught at the door lamb to keep herself from falling.
"Hark!" cried Aglala, "that is not Turkish music, neither is it Greek. It is foreign music. This should mean great news. Fou wait here a few moments and I will go and find out what it means."

Aglaia hastened down the road and Panayota stood in the door, waiting and listening. The sound of the music grew louder, came nearer. The body of troops were passing down the line of the fork that formed the opposite boundary of the learner, village, Adlais had been

sound of the music grew louder, came nearer. The body of troops were passing down the line of the fork that formed the opposite boundary of the lepers' village. Aglaia had been right. That was not Turkish music, the time was foreign to Panayota, but it thrilled her somehow. She loosed her fingers from the door jamb, her hands dropped by her side and she stood erect.

As she listened thus and looked down the road, anxiously waiting the return of Aglaia, a man approached quite close to her. The first intimation that she had of his presence was the sound of crunching footfalls. Instinctively she covered her face with her hands and shrunk back into the house. Mother of God' Was this person, too, about to indict himself on her? Whoever it was, he had evidently stopped out side, before the house—was waiting there. Perhaps some face, more hideous than anything she had yet seen, would appear at the door.

"Will be never go?" she muttered, her teeth chattering with revulsion. "I must get away from here—away into God's clean, free mountains. No! I believe he is going away. Praise God!" for the crunch, crunch of footsters in the coarse gravel was renewed grew fainter in the distance. Panayota was about to peep from the door again when she heard other footsteps, or people walking rapidly. These passed by without stopping at all. She heard a man call as though shouting at some one far away, and then there was silence for so long that she once more ventured to look out. It had been Hassan Bey calling to Curtis, and begging him to walk more slowly. What trifles affect our destinies! Had Lindbohm lifted up his voice as he was on the point of doing this story might possibly have a different ending.

Panayota saw only Aglaia coming down the road, waving her arms. She lost all fear and ran to meet her.

"It's the English!" cried the woman. "They are arresting Turks right and left. They are throwing the leaders into prison and taking the guns away from the Bashi Bazouks."

"Now God be praised!" laughed Panayota.

"The Turks are hi

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Tommy Atkins."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I will walk with you to the other end of the village." said Aglaia.

Papas-Spiro had returned also from the road-side. He had talked with a young man from Canea. The English were thoroughly angry because their soldiers had been killed. They were going to send over a great army.

"Oh, ves. it would be perfectly safe for a Christian to go anywhere now. Not a Turk would dare been.

Panayota had long ago formed her plans, when she had dreamed of escape in the house of Kostakes. Her mother's brother, Kurlos Kurmulidhes, lived at Asprochori, a little village about twenty miles from Canea. She had often heard her father speak of him as a godyman, and now Papas-Spiro said that Asprochori had not fallen into the hands of the Turks. In the early days of the insurrection the Cretans had held that religion, and since the arrival of Col. Vassos from Greece the Mohammedans had not been able to get out there at all. It was still early morning, she would be able to reach the place before mightfall.

She talked excitedly as she set forth, carrying the cotton bag into which Aglaia had put a half loaf of bread and some cheese.

"Oh, yes, this is a glorious thing for Crete. God was long suffering, but everything came right in the end."

Aglaia's enthusiasm had passed away as suddenly as it had come. Her leg felt lamer than usual and she had great difficulty in keeping up with the strong, healthy young woman, who was going out into a world of light and iow. They were passing a row of square white huits, each containing but one room. The first half dozen that they passed were vacant their occupants had gone to hear the music, and had remained by the roadside to bes.

They bassed the little grave and at the farther end of the town. Several humble tombstones standing among the tail grass and a black cross or two marked the last resting place of lepers who have gone to the comfort propared for those who do not get their good things in this lifetime.

"Now, good-by and God bless you!" said Panayota.

"Why, where are you going?" asked Papas-Spiro.

"She is not a leper," explained Aglaia. "She came to me last night for refuge, and I took her in."

"Not a leper," exclaimed the priest. "Now pray toof that she has not caught it."

"Christ and the Virgin save me! Christ and the Virgin," cried Panayota, crossing herself.

"Amen! Agen!" said Aglaia. "Do not even speak of it. Papas-Spiro."

"Adio," said Papayota, moving away. "Adio, and God be with you!" The old priest with the bloated face and the white beard extended his hands.

"Before you go, daughter," he said, "take"

DONAL THAT WAS RICH

spoke a few words nurriedly, and one of the stroopers fell out and rode back toward her. She must have exhibited evidences of fright, for the man called out in Greek, laughing merrily. "Don't be afraid, stupid. We are friends." "What is it? What is it, fellow countrymen?" cried Panayota delightedly. What a change had come over the earth! But yesterday you met only Turks, heard only Turkish, and now the whole world was speaking Greek. "Are you from Canea?" asked the trooper. "No, I am a Sphaklote maiden. I was taken prisoner by the Turks, but now, thank God, I am escaping."

"You wouldn't happen to know Yussuf Effendi by sight then?"

"No, why?"

"No a soul, but I've only been on the road about half an hour. Why, who are you? What has Yussuf done? Where does he—"We're arresting the ringleaders in the massacre. Yussuf is one of them. I'm an interpreter with the English army. You can go back to Canea or anywhere you wish, sister, in perfect safety. It isn't healthy to be a Turk these days. Adio, and many thanks."

"Adio."

They were gone and Panayota resumed her way. After an hour's walk through gardens and vineyards inclosed in low mud fences overgrown with vines, she came to the foot of a tiny hill. ('limbing this, she saw plainly the triangular little village of the lepers, with its suburb of tombs houses for the dying and the dead. The huits were all neatly whitewashed and looked very peaceful and pretty against the foreground of green trees and vines. Further away were the round Turkish nosques, the Christian bell towers of Canea and the dead. The huits were all neatly whitewashed and looked very peaceful and pretty against the foreground of green trees and vines. Further away were the round Turkish nosques, the Christian bell towers of Canea and the dead. The huits were all neatly whitewashed and looked very peaceful and pretty against the foreground of green trees and vines. Further away were the round Turkish nosques the Christian bell towers of canea and the cops of high buildings rising above the gray wa to take, a venerable priest came trotting around a corner, seated sidewise upon a very small

a corner, seated sidewise upon a very small, bluish-gray donkey.

"Yes, the road to the right led to Asprochori, about ten miles distant, he replied, removing his tall hat and wiping his brow with a red bandanna handkerchief. "Oh, yes, he knew Kurios Kurmulidhes very well, indeed, a godly and just man—be quiet there."

The last remark was addressed to a pair of coung goats hung to the goddle in a real and

The last remark was addressed to a pair of young goats, hung to the saddle in a sack and covered by the father's long black robe. He had already heard of the arrival of the English and was in hopes, by the grace of God, to sell them these two kids at twice their value. So he trotted away, bobbing up and down on his little donkey, not looking at all grotesque to Panavota, in his tall hat with eaves, his gray chignon and his long, wind-lifted robe.

And as Panayota fared onward, she had ever in her mind that she was coming into the country of the Cretan insurgents, and she muttered again and again:

"Perhaps I shall hear something of him. Perhaps he will be there."

In this new, bright world everything seemed possible.

To be continued.

M. ROCHEFORT FOOLED.

Trick Played on the Editor by a Dreyfus

Joker-Rules for Paris Cabs. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire during the Dreyfus affair, has been again amusing himself. This time his victim has been the redoubtable M.

affair, has been again amusing himself. This time his victim has been the redoubtable M. Rochefort, the truculent editor of the Intransiquent. Rochefort having declared in his paper that the death of Capt. Pallier was an assassination, Karl was pained to observe that he had no evidence in proof of his assertion, and kindly undertook to manufacture some for him. Assuming a frock coat, white tie and broadbrimmed hat of Quaker-like dimensions, bearing under his arm a large case for documents and on his nose a pair of spectacles, and looking for all the world like a most respectable member of society, instead of the merry scamp he is, Karl presented himself at the office of the Intransiquent, where he introduced himself as Dr. Berthemet, the intimate friend of Dr. Pallier, the brother of the gallant Captain who lately succumbed to yellow fever in Africa.

He informed the representative of the paper who received him that he was acquainted with all the circumstances attending the death of that officer and was able to prove that it had been premeditated in cold blood and that it was only called by its right name when described as an assassination. Deeply interested, the representative of M. Rochefort asked to be allowed to take notes, which Karl was only too anxious to allow. Then began an amusing scene, Karl spinning the most detailed yarns respecting Pallier and his companions, occasionally unclasping the case he carried under his arm as if to refresh his memory by consulting some document. He even went so far as to promise that documents would be supplied for production in the Chamber when M. Lasies internellated the Minister of the Colonies respecting the Captain's death.

It is almost incredible that so astute a man as Rochefort can have allowed himself to be played with as though he were a mere Quesnay de Beaurepaire, but he is not the only clever French man who has let passion blind him completely.

Redurepaire, but he is not the only clever French man who has let passion blind him completely.

The Prefect of Police has issued a new edict regulating the traffic of the streets of Paris. This measure was not decided on before it was wanted, for it is notorious that Parisian drivers were a disgrace to their profession and a terror to the unfortunate pedestrian. Article 4 requires all coachment ordrive slowly when close to the sidewalk, an order that will save many a limb from being broken and many a dress from being spoilt. It also says that coachmen having to turn into a street on the left shall keep well to their right. Any one who has seen the frequent collisions occurring in Paris will fully appreciate the importance of this rule. Hitherto it has been the duty of the passenger to declare whether he took a vehicle for the course or by the hour. This was a fruitful source of quarrels and disputes between drivers and the public. Article LXIX, now provides that the coachman must take the initiative should the fare omit to do so, and consequently the Paris Jehu will no longer be free to demand 1 franc 50 for a few minutes drive, when it was the intention of the traveller to employ him for an hour.

Certain communes of the Seine are exempt from the tariff, and persons ignorant of this fact have been very severely fleeced by cabmen who know when they have overstepped by an inch the limits controlled by regulation prices. Now a cabman must warn his fare helore entering on the more expensive area. Should an accident occur the customer need pay nothing: if he has taken the cab by the hour he is called upon to pay for the time already elapsed. The coachman may under article 70, ask to be raid in advance when driving to a station, a theatre, a concert or other public establishment. He may also demand the price of a course in advance if kent waiting before a station or before a building with more than one exit. This is a wise ordinance to protect the poor cabman from being cheated by the respectable looking swindler.

being only intended to accommodate a single passenger.

Articles 374, 375, 376 are directed against the too lively butchers and milkmen who, driving light two-wheeled vehicles, drove recklessly over the unfortunate foot passenger and were out of sight before an alarm could be given. These gentry must now have plainly affixed to their traps a registered number by which they can easily be identified.

The above are the principal points in the new regulations of interest to foreign visitors, but these regulations are of a voluminous character and cover thirty pages of the Bulletin Municipal Official. Every pages of the superior will arise, life and limb will be safer and the unfortunate cab horse will receive kinder treatment.

Copyright 1900 by Seumas MacManus. Once there were two brothers named Donal and Jack. Donal was hired by a rich man

who had one daughter, and when his master died, he married the daughter.

Jack, he lived close by with his wife and a big family of children, and he was very poor: but Donal, he was no way good to Jack, and would never reach his hand to him with a thing.

AND JACK THAT WAS POOR.

And when the hunger would come into Jack's house, Jack, he used to think it little harm to steal a bullock out of Donal's big flock, and kill it for his family At length Donal began to suspect that Jack

was taking his bullocks, but he didn't know how

he would find out for sure. Donal's old mother-in-law proposed a plan by which she could catch Jack. She made Donal put her into a big chest that had little spy holes in it, and put in with her beef and brandy enough to last her nine days. Then Donal was to take the chest to Jack's and have

went down into Donal's wine ceilar. He her sitting in a chair by a puncheon there, and put a glass into her hand and turned on the wine.

In the morning Donal's first race was always to the ceilar to have a drink, and when he came down this morning, he fell over and fainted with the fright when he saw his old mother-in-law sitting by the nuncheon drinking.

When he came to himself he had her taken up and laid out in the wake room axain.

Jack he came walking over to see Donal like to bid him the time of day in the morning.

"Good morning to you, Donal," says he, and how do you find vourself this morning?

"Och! Och! Och! Jack! Jack!" says Donal, says he, "I'm in a terrible fix entirely.

"Why," says he, "my old mother-in-law got up out of the grave in the night time, and came back; and when I went down to the cellar in the morning to get a drink of white, there was the old lady sitting by the puncheon, and she having the puncheon, drink empty. What am I to do at all, at all?" says he.

"Well, "says Jack, says he," I know why she got up out of her grave again.

"For what did she?" says Donal.

"Because on didn't bury her half decently," says Jack, "You only put £10 under her head, and it £50 you should have put."

"Well. I'm sure I'm sorry for that," says Donal. "and Fil make certain that I'll bury her dos again, and he saw Donal put a purse of 50 sovereigns under her head.

"Now," says Donal, says he, "she'll surely not come back to bother me."

But that night Jack went to the graveyard and raised the body again and got the £50. And he took the body then with him on his shoulder off to Donal's stable, and he tied it there; and he tied a sword into its hand.

Now Donal was to have gone off next morning, riding on a little black mare that was a favorite of his, to the town to pay the accounts big horse in Donal's stable, and he tied it there; and he head sort border of the brake mare and both of them used to run on the grass together, so as the little black mare.

The horse on which Jack head led to do the proper

of his life, that he might as well end his life at once.

"Not too quick!" says Jack, says he, "what will you give me, and I'll save you from your mother-in-law."

"Oh! I'll give you anything at all," says he, "in moderation, that you ask."

"Well," says Jack, says he, "if you pension me, I'll live here always, and I'll watch by your mother-in-law's grave every night, and keep her from raising."

Says Donal. "If you do that I'll give you any pension you ask."

Jack asked £100 a year and Donal agreed to it. They buried the mother-in-law the third time and Jack worked for his pension so faithfully and so well that she never rose more.

Donal and his wife lived middling happy, but Jack and his wife lived middling happy, but Jack and his wife and children, with their pension of £100 a year, was the happlest family in all Ireland.

THE ALBUM WAS A BLUFF. Really a Profane Music Box and It Ran Amnck at a Funeral.

From the Chicago Chronicle. An Augusta minister will vouch for this having occurred at a funeral a few miles out

The parlor was too small to accommodate the crowd of mourners and it was necessary

The parlor was too small to accommodate the crowd of mourners and it was necessary to put them in two rooms. Those who were out in the sitting room were separated from the party in the parlor, where the casket rested, by an entry way. This prevented them from hearing all that the minister had said, and after a time one of the young men, tired of doing nothing, reached stealthily over to the table near him to get the family album, which was lying there in all the richness of blue plush and fancy brass clasps.

He had just got it into his lap without attracting attention and was going to open it and show the photographs to the girl next to him when he made a startling discovery. Something was moving inside the album. He distinctly felt the vibration of moving machinery. With apprehensive quickness he shoved the album back onto the table. But he did it so rapidly that every one in the room noticed the movement and looked at him in silent reproval.

And all the time he could hear the clicking of that, machinery and felt instinctively that something was about to happen. Just then something did happen. The minister was speaking tenderly of the deceased and of the beauties of the place to which his spirit had taken its flight, of the streets of gold and the songs of the angels.

Then from the family album on the table rage time: "There il Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The album was a bluff: it was a music box in disguise, and it was getting under way in great shape.

The minister stopped. But the music box didn't. It kept right on. The young man who had accidentally started the profane concert clutched it desperately and tried to throotle it. But it was no use. It insisted on going whether or no, and go it did to the end of the had hard work to keep his face in proper funeral trim.;

SUNKEN CROSSES IN MEXICO.

Interesting Discovery by Prof. Saville Near the Ruined Palaces of Mitla. Tourists in Mexico are under obligations to

of a range of hills called Guironi. This name

is Maya, not Nahuatl, for there is no "r" in the

latter language.
Prof. Saville, as soon as he had finished at

one covered with a variation of the zig-zag fret. It is a singular fact, but the cross of Xaaga presents an epitome of every kind of fret used at Mitla. The latter is in a peculiar mosaic, cut in trachyte, whereas the construc-tion stones are of sandstone. At Guironi the ornamentation is cut in intaglio, but at Xaaga it is cut in relief.

THE AQUARIUM'S TAMEST FISH And the Curious Sight the Tame Angel Fishes Present at Their Feeding Time. The tamest fish that the Aquarium has ever had was a young spotted hind, eight or nine inches in length, from Bermuda, which would

would swim around in a little circle in the tank

back to the hand, from which it had just been

While this spotted hind was exceptional, there

From the Chicago Tribune. In a squeaky, nasal tone the phonograph that had been procured for the Democratic mass meeting continued to wail out:

"More than that, fellow countrymen! Under

The Expression of Contentment

who use its cotumns. Adv.

released, and take food from it.

he American Museum of Natural History and to Prof. Saville, who is in charge of the By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON. anthropological department, for having furnished a new attraction. When he was prosecuting his researches at Mitla, in the State of Little Yonkey lost his tail and the other Oajaca, Mexico, in March of the present year, he heard of a cruciform subterranean chamber which the Indians of Milla supposed monkeys made so much fur of him that he could not live with them any more. He went away by himself and fed on berries. He was sitting on the bank of the river one day, when to be a tomb of the ancient people. He took counsel with Leopoldo Batres, the guardian the earth gave way and he fell into the water. of Mexican monuments who looks after Mexico's He swam out again and as he did he had ar share of all discoveries made by parties holding concessions for archeological investigations, and learned from him the exact location of this chamber, which was between five and six miles

teach all the other animals to swim, so that their lives will be saved if they fall into the water." So little Monker built houses on the shore of the river and put up a sign which read: from the palaces of Mitla on the topmost plateau L. MONKEY. SWIMMING SKULE. Bathing Suits to Hire.

Mitla went with 150 men to this hill, whose He had 100 bathing suits in sizes to fit any animal from a mouse to an elephant. He bired the tailor bird to make new suits as fast as the old ones wore out. Fen Crocodie was always swimming around to save the lives of the animals who swam out too far. Little Monkey put a raft away out in the stream where the animals could rest after they had swum as long as they should. shoulder or lower plateau was about 1,200 feet above the level of the plain. Toward the left the hill rose in another slope about 300 feet higher,

Done have could catch short. New months of the count of the the could catch short with a state of the count of the the count of the the count of the count of the the count of the count of

striped bathing suits. Then Zebra and Tiger became angry. They got up and took off their bathing suits and threw them at Tailor Bird. Then all the birds and the animals laughed so hard that they had to put their hands to their sides. Hyena laughed until he rolled over and over on the beach. "Hyena," roared Tiger, "you are always laughing at nothing. What is the matter with you?"

Hyena pointed with his paw. Tiger and Zebra looked at themselves and found that their skins were all striped. The color had come out of the new bathing suits and the sun had dried it into their hair. Ever since that day the beasts in the jungle have always said Striped Tiger and Striped Zebra, and it was not until the Spotted Leopard told me this story that I knew that those two animals were once as white as the Polar Bear.

readily permit itself to be lifted out of the water in the hand, and held thus for eight or ten sec-CONTRARINESS OF THE GARDENER, onds, lying perfectly quiet meanwhile, without any flopping or fluttering. Permitted then Cases of Obstinacy That Seem to Come From to slide gently back into the water again, it Association With Flowers.

> According to those who have had experience in the matter there is something about a gardener's work that develops contrariness. To put it plainly, the professional gardener is apt to be obstinate. He has supreme faith in his own judgment, and his judgment is likely to run counter to that of his employer. And he is absolutely independent—as determined to have his own way as any operatic star.
>
> One of the wealthy families of Milwaukee has a gardener, and he is controlled only by diplomacy. If the head of the household decides that he wants anything in particular on his grounds he goes to the principal florist of the city and takes him into his confidence.
>
> "The next time my gardener is in here," he says, 'tell him I dropred in and left an order that we were to have no more geraniums on the place. Just say to him that I said I was sick and tired of them and instructed you, under no circumstances, to send me any more, ho matter what he might say; that he can order anything else he may want, but I positively will not have any geraniums, especially the deep red ones."
>
> Then when the gardener calls, as he does with considerable regularity, he is informed that there is a stop order on geraniums. He becomes excited immediately.
>
> "Why," he exclaims, "geraniums are the only things to border that new walk I have just laid out. I've got to have them. The old man doesn't know what he wants anyway. Just you send me up some of those deep red geranium and I'll fix it all right with him."
>
> And so the employer gets what he wants. If he had ordered geraniums the gardener would have chosen something else.
>
> A similar course is pursued by a man who has an extensive and beautiful place at Madison, Wis. He has a Swede for a gardener, and the Swede has all the characteristics of the Milwaukee man. He is contrary by nature. His employer thought a certain free ought to be cut down, and suggested it to the gardener, but the latter wouldn't hear of it. He insisted that they are apt to be alike in this respect. Consequently nothing would be gained by a change. So the owner of the place, and it ought to remain. I'm glad you didn't cut it down." The said to the paredner shook his head doubtfully, but said nothing. The n to be obstinate. He has supreme faith in his own judgment, and his judgment is likely to run counter to that of his employer. And he is

released, and take food from it.

While this spotted hind was exceptional, there are fishes in the Aquarium that will permit themselves to be touched, and almost no end of fishes there, including such odd creatures as eels, that will take food freely from the hand, taking food held down in the fingers, or, in the case of fishes that like such things, eating clams out of shells held down to them. It is necommon thing for fishes to come scurrying up to the top of the water in their tanks when the food is brought along the corridor back of the tanks, and some of the exhibitions of this kind on the part of the fishes are renarkable, the most so being that of the angel fish.

Quarrelsome and disposed to nag one another among themselves, yet the angels are among the very tamest of the captive fishes, and to see them come for their food at feeding time is a curious and wonderful sight. The food is always put into the tank in one corner, and there the fishes flock for it. There are twenty-six angel fishes in this tank. They are scattered commonly all about through the body of water, from end to end, from front to rear and from top to bottom of the tank, swimming this way and that and turning and twisting and criss-crossing and weaving in and out. Fishes beautiful in coloring, with their bodies edged and otherwise marked with a deep but hrilliantly clear and bright shade of blue, making of the tank a marvellous picture.

Then the food is dropped in the upper rear corner of the tank, and from all parts the angel fishes in a poultry yard when somebody comes in with a pan of feed; they suggest chickens to the mind at once. They are very different from chickens in form and in color, but their flashing fins suggest the chickens' flashing fins suggest the chickens' flashing fins suggest the chickens' flashing from far and near and from all directions, straight as they can come, along lines all converging at the feeding point.

"More than that, fellow countrymen! Under the leadership of Mark Hanna the Republican party has trampled the Constitution under foot, violated the laws of the land, defiled the courts of justice, trodden ruthlessly upon the rights of man, and with reckless disregard for every principle of righteousness, morality and humanity, it now seeks to—"

At this point the cylinder gave out. The manager hastily removed it, slipped in another, and the grind was resumed:

—fill the land with suffering and horror! O my fellow citizens, do we realize the poverty, the misery, the unutterable woe inflicted upon our country by this demon? Do we realize how its blighting touch is palsying the energies of our youth and driving adult manhood to despair? When will we rise in our might and banish forever the iniquitous and infernal traffic in ardent spirits—"

The maddened audience made a rush for the

"Well, I like it," asserted the owner: "I want it to remain where it is."

The argument was resumed every day for a week, and finally the employer said in a discouraged way: "Oh, well, do as you please about it, but I think it ought to be let alone."

The next day the tree was cut down.

This gardener, by the way, has some amusing ideas as to the English language. He spoke one day of watering a flower bed with the hoe; on another occasion he spoke of the hose, and on still another of the hoses. It was some time before the mystery was cleared up. Then it was discovered that one lengths of the garden hose was the "hoe," two lengths the "hose," and anything more than the was hoses." ever the iniquitous and internal traine in arden-spirits. "
The maddened audience made a rush for the platform upset the speaker's desk, hammered the phonograph to pieces and broke up the meeting.

Some evil-minded person had worked off upon the unsuspecting manager a cylinder with a portion of a Prohibition speech on it. worn by a StN reader may be traced to two things first, to the fact that he reads the poper, second, to the prosperity he enjoys through association with reputable advertisers

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